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THE NAVAL CROWN

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THE author's thanks are due to the Proprietors of *Punch* for permission to reprint six of the poems in this volume; also to the Editors of the *Spectator*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Sphere* and *Country Life*, for permission to reprint poems which have appeared in these journals.

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THE NAVAL CROWN

The Ballad of the "Eastern Crown"

I'VE sailed in 'ookers plenty since first I went to
sea—

An' sail or steam, an' good or bad, was all alike to
me ;

There's some 'ave tried to starve me, an' some 'ave
tried to drown—

But I never met the equal o' the " Eastern Crown."

'Er funnel's like a chimley, 'er sides is like a tub,
An' pay is middlin' scanty, an' likewise so is grub ;
She's 'ard to beat for steerin' bad, she's 'ard to beat
for grime,

An' rollin' is 'er 'obby—oh, she's rollin' all the time !

THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN CROWN"

Rollin' down to Singapore—rollin' up to Maine—
Rollin' round to Puget Sound, and then 'ome again !
A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,
An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green !

We sailed for Philadelphia, New York an' Montreal,
Dischargin' general cargo at our various ports o' call ;
We knocked about a year or so 'tween Callao an'
Nome,
An' then to Portland, Oregon, to load with deals for
'ome.

She's met with accidents a few (which is 'er usual
way) ;
She scraped the bowsprit off a barque in San Francisco
Bay ;
She's shed propeller blades an' plates wherever she 'as
been . . .
An' last she's fouled 'er bloomin' screw on a German
submarine !

Rollin' in the sunshine—rollin' in the rain—
Rollin' up the Channel—an' we're 'ome again !
A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,
An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green !

THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN CROWN"

As on the 'igh an' draughty bridge I stood my wheel
one day,

"If we should sight a submarine" (I 'eard the old man
say)

"I'd do as Admirals retired an' other folks 'ave said,
I'd run the old Red Duster up an' ring 'Full speed
ahead' ;

"I'd sink before I'd 'eave 'er to or 'aul my colours
down ;

By Gosh, they'll catch a Tartar if they catch the
'Eastern Crown' !

I've thought it out both 'igh an' low, an' this seems
best to me—

Pursoo a zig-zag course" ('e says) "an' see what I
shall see !"

Rollin' through the Doldrums—rollin' in the foam—

Rollin' by the Fastnet—an' we're nearly 'ome :

A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,

An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green !

'E said it, an' 'e meant it, an' 'e acted as 'e said

When sure enough we sighted one abeam o' Lizard
'Ead ;

THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN CROWN"

You should 'ave 'eard the engines grunt—you should
'ave seen 'er roll !

She was beatin' all 'er records as they shovelled on
the coal !

They missed us by a spittin' length—'er rollin' served
'er well,

But it served 'er better after, as you're goin' to 'ear me
tell ;

For she some'ow rolled 'erself atop o' the bloomin'
submarine . . .

An' the oil upon the waters was the last of it we seen.

Rollin' up to London Town (an' down by the bow) ;

Rollin' 'ome to Surrey Docks—ain't we 'eroes now ?

A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,

An' the crew cursin' rosy as she ships it green !

British Merchant Service, 1915

Oh, down by Millwall Basin as I went the other day,
I met a skipper that I knew, and to him I did say :

“ Now what's the cargo, captain, that brings you up
this way ? ”

“ Oh, I've been up and down (he said) and round
about also . . .

From Sydney to the Skager-rack, and Kiel to
Callao . . .

With a leaking steam-pipe all the way to Cali-
forn-i-o. . . .

“ With pots and pans and ivory fans and every kind of
thing,

BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE, 1915

Rails and nails and cotton bales and sewer-pipes
and string—

But now I'm through with cargoes, and I'm here to
serve the King!

“And if it's sweeping mines (to which my fancy some-
what leans)

Or hanging out with booby traps for the skulking
submarines . . .

I'm here to do my blooming best and give the beggars
beans!

“A rough job and a tough job is the best job for
me,

And what or where I don't much care, I'll take what
it may be,

For a tight place is the right place when it's foul
weather at sea!”

* * * * *

There's not a port he doesn't know from Melbourne
to New York ;

He's as hard as a lump of harness-beef and as salt as
pickled pork ;

BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE, 1915

And . . . he'll stand by a wreck in a murdering gale,
and count it part of his work !

He's the terror of the foc's'le when he heals its various
ills

With turpentine and mustard leaves and poultices and
pills . . .

But he knows the sea like the palm of his hand, as a
shepherd knows the hills.

He'll spin you yarns from dawn to dark . . . and half
of 'em are true !

He swears in a score of languages, and maybe talks in
two ! . . .

And he'll lower a boat in a hurricane to save a
drowning crew !

A rough job or a tough job—he's handled two or
three,

And what or where he won't much care, nor ask what
the risk may be . . .

For a tight place is the right place when there's wild
weather at sea !

The Younger Son

THE Younger Son he's earned his bread in ways
both hard and easy
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to
Zambesi ;
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's
best,
And when you're tired of roving there'll be time
enough to rest !

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the
world been using you?
Thought you were in Turkestan or China or
Peru!"—
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons
stray . . .
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way !

THE YOUNGER SON

He's left the broncos to be bust by who in thunder
chooses ;

He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's
caboosees ;

He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavie, pick
and plough,

For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs
him now !

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd ha'
thought of meeting you !

What's the news of Calgary, Quebec and Cariboo?"

It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons
stray,

But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way !

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here
and yonder,

No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide
to wander ;

For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of
life is best,

And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time
enough to rest.

THE YOUNGER SON

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long fare-
well to you

(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai or Timbuctoo) !
Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is
best,

When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to
rest !

The North Sea Ground

OH, Grimsby is a pleasant town as any man may find,
An' Grimsby wives are thrifty wives, an' Grimsby girls
are kind ;

An' Grimsby lads have never yet been lads to lag
behind

When there's men's work doin' on the North
Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie" . . . for the high tide's
flowin',

An' off the misty waters a cold wind blowin' ;

Skipper's come aboard, an' it's time that we were
goin',

An' there's fine fish waitin' on the North
Sea ground !

THE NORTH SEA GROUND

Soles in the Silver Pit . . . an' there we'll let 'em
lie!

Cod on the Dogger . . . oh, we'll fetch 'em by an' by!
War on the waters . . . an' it's time to serve an'
die,

For there's wild work doin' on the North Sea
ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie" . . . they want you at
the trawlin'

(With your long sea-boots an' your tarry old tar-
paulin);

All across the bitter seas duty comes a-callin',

In the winter's weather off the North Sea
ground.

It's well we've learned to laugh at fear (the sea has
taught us how);

It's well we've shaken hands with death—we'll not be
strangers now,

With death in every climbin' wave before the trawler's
bow,

An' the black spawn swimmin' on the North
Sea ground.

THE NORTH SEA GROUND

Good luck to all our fightin' ships that rule the English
sea ;

Good luck to our brave merchantmen wherever they
may be ;

The sea it is their highway, and we've got to sweep
it free

For the ships passin' over on the North Sea
ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie" . . . for the sea wind's
cryin',

"Time an' time to go where the herrin' gulls are
flyin'"—

An' down below the stormy seas the dead men lyin',

Oh, the dead lyin' quiet on the North Sea
ground !

Royal Naval Reserve

WHITE Star, Cunard,
Great ships and small—
Gallant British merchantmen,
Here's to each and all !
Union Castle, Orient,
From Shanghai to Dover,
Fighting British merchantmen
All the world over !

* * * * *

What is the house-flag ? . . .
The same that's yours and mine—
In fair weather and foul weather
The flag of the British Line !

What trade is this ye sail in ? . . .
An ancient trade and bold ;

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE

Drake's trade, Blake's trade
It was in days of old—

To mar the might of tyrants,
To keep the highway free,
And hold against all comers
The lordship of the sea !

Whence comes your right of service ? . . .
By right of breed and birth !
And where had ye your schooling ? . . .
In all the seas of earth ;

'Tween the Lizard and Cape Leeuwin,
From the Fastnet to the Horn,
We learnt the stern old lessons
None learn but seamen born.

What cargo do ye carry ? . . .
Full freight of death and fame,
And the men of the White Ensign
Of the Red shall think no shame !

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE

When the day is darkened with battle,
And the seas are sown with the dead,
The pride of the White Ensign
Shall be the pride of the Red !

Honour and pride both far and wide,
Where'er the salt tides run,
And a long sleep, the last sleep,
For them whose watch is done !

* * * * *

Cunard, White Star,
Great ships and small—
Gallant British merchantmen,
Here's to each and all !
Royal Mail, P. and O.,
From Shanghai to Dover,
Fighting British merchantmen
All the world over !

The "Orion's" Figurehead at Whitehall

ALL wind and rain, the clouds fled fast across the
evening sky—

Whitehall aglimmer like a beach the tide has late left
dry—

And there I saw the figurehead which once did grace
the bow

Of the old bold "Orion"—

The fighting old "Orion" in the days that
are not now.

And I wondered did he dream at all of those great
fights of old

And ships from out whose oaken sides Trafalgar's
thunder rolled ;

THE "ORION'S" FIGUREHEAD AT WHITEHALL

There was "Ajax," "Neptune," "Temeraire,"
"Revenge," "Leviathan,"

With the old bold "Orion"—

The fighting old "Orion" when "Victory"
led the van.

Old ships, their ribs are ashes now . . . but still the
names they bore

And still the hearts that manned them live to sail the
seas once more—

To sail and fight, and watch and ward, and strike as
stout a blow

As the old bold "Orion,"

The fighting old "Orion" in the wars of
long ago.

They watch, the gaunt grey fighting ships, in silence
bleak and stern ;

They wait (not yet, not yet has dawned the day for
which they burn) :

They're watching, waiting for the word that sets their
thunders free,

Like the old bold "Orion,"

The fighting old "Orion" when Nelson
sailed the sea.

THE "ORION'S" FIGUREHEAD AT WHITEHALL

Oh, waiting is a weary game—but Nelson played it too !

And be it late or be it soon, such work is yet to do
Your starry namesake never saw who walked the
midnight sky

(Old bold "Orion"—

Fighting old "Orion"!) in the great old
years gone by.

And be the game a waiting game we'll play it with
the best;

Or be the game a watching game we'll watch and
never rest;

But the fighting game it pays for all when the guns
begin to play

(Ah, bold "Orion"—

Fighting old "Orion"! like the guns of
yesterday!).

[NOTE.—It appears likely that the Whitehall figurehead belonged in fact to a later ship than the Trafalgar "Orion." But as a link between the old and the new Navy its significance is little different.]

The Return of the Prodigal

I RODE into Pincher River on an August afternoon—

The pinto's hoofs on the prairie drumming a drowsy tune—

By the shacks and the Chinks' truck-gardens to the Athabasca Saloon.

And a bunch of the boys was standing around by the old Scotch Store,

Standing and spitting and swearing by old Macallister's door,

And the name on their lips was Britain—the word that they spoke was “War” !

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

War ! . . . Do you think I waited to talk about wrong
or right

When I knew my own old country was up to the neck
in a fight ?

I said " So long "—and I beat it—" I'm hitting the
trail to-night !"

I wasn't long at my packing ; I hadn't much time to
dress ;

And the cash I had at disposal was a ten-spot (more
or less),

So I didn't wait for my ticket—I booked by the
hoboes' express.

I rode the bumpers at night-time ; I beat the ties in
the day,

Stealing a ride and bumming a ride all of the blooming
way,

And . . . I left the First Contingent drilling at Val-
cartier !

I didn't cross in a liner (I hadn't my passage by
me !)

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

I spotted a Liverpool cargo tramp, smelly and greasy
and grimy,

And she wanted hands for the voyage, and the old
man guessed he'd try me.

She kicked like a ballet dancer or a range-bred bronco
mare ;

She rolled till her engines rattled—she wallowed, but
what did I care ?

It was, " Go it, my bucking beauty, if only you'll take
me there ! "

Then . . . came an autumn morning, grey-blue, windy
and clear,

And the fields—the little white houses—green, and
peaceful, and dear—

And the heart inside o' me saying : " Take me,
Mother, I'm here !

" Here, for I thought you'd want me ; I've brought
you all that I own,

A lean long lump of a carcass that's mostly muscle
and bone—

Six foot two in my stockings—weigh-in at fourteen
stone !

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

Here, and I hope you'll have me—take me for what
I'm worth,
A chap that's a bit of a waster, come from the ends of
the earth,
To fight with the best that's in him for the dear old
land of his birth !”

The Ballad of the Hun King's Dream

ABOUT the dead dark o' the night,
Ere the first cock clapped his wing,
The Hun Lord's soul had wandered far—
A shrunk and wizened thing—

Beyond Polaris and the Plough,
And the cold Northern Crown,
Where white in spate the Milky Way
O'er the lip of space pours down.

East o' the Sun, West o' the Moon,
In a twilit land walked he,

THE BALLAD OF THE HUN KING'S DREAM

The same where vagrant souls do range
When sleep has set them free—
And a shadowy guide went at his side
Whose face he might not see.

And first there was a place of thorns,
And then a salt sea-shore,
And then a river dark and wide
That no man might cross o'er ;
And the wind blew, the wind blew
As it could blow no more.

“What thorns be these, so long and keen,
That bite me to the bone?” . . .
Oh, these be thorns of hate and lies
Which you on earth have sown.

“What sea is this before my feet
That has so salt a tide?” . . .
Oh, that is the flood of women's tears
That fall and are not dried ;

THE BALLAD OF THE HUN KING'S DREAM

They weep, and, weeping, name his name
Through whom their dear ones died.

“What stream is this so dark and deep
That laps me to the chin?” . . .
Oh, that is the river of men's blood
Who perished by your sin.

There is no boat shall ferry you,
No ford shall bring you through
The red river that runs away
Between your God and you.

There was no light in all that land
But the far glare of Mars ;
And the wind blew, the wind blew,
It shook the fixed stars.

And in that wind the shivering soul
Like a dry leaf was driven . . .
“What wind is this, what fearful wind,
That rocks the stars in Heaven?”

THE BALLAD OF THE HUN KING'S DREAM

Oh, that is the breath of a dead mother
With a dead babe at her side,
Beneath your iron heel who lay,
And cursed you as she died !

Newfoundland's Gift

GIFTS from a full garner—wealth from a brimming
store—

How shall these things be offered from a seagirt land
and poor?

I—who have neither gold nor jewels, cattle nor
corn—

I (says Newfoundland) give the lads I have borne!

Toll o' the Banks when the white fog spins a shroud
there,

Toll o' the Gulf when the Fundy gales are loud
there,

Toll o' the ice-pack grinding south by Labrador—

These things have I paid . . . yet will not grudge
my part in war.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S GIFT

Bone o' my bone — and in bitter pain I bare
them !

Blood o' my blood—oh, it's cruel hard to spare
them !

Splendid sons of seamen — more than life to
me—

No new thing is sacrifice to them which use the
sea !

Salt is the sea-crust on our land's wave-fretted
shore ;

Salt, salt seas, they bring our seamen home no
more,

Salt, salt winds, they'll blow them home no more to
me—

Well we know the taste of it whose menfolk use the
sea !

Bone o' my bone—and the salt sad tides roll over
them ;

Heart o' my heart—oh, the wide cold seas 'll cover
them !

NEWFOUNDLAND'S GIFT

Gold and gear I give not . . . life and love and all
to me,

These I give to England . . . to England and the
sea !

Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning

OH, where is the lad that's far away? . . .
And what of the one that sails the sea? . . .
Oh, how will they keep Saint Patrick's Day,
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning?

There's some will hear the great guns' din
At the break o' day their tune begin,
And the snipers welcome the daylight in
On Patrick's Day in the morning.

And be they far or be they near,
Upon that day they'll keep good cheer,
And make the foe that meets them fear
On Patrick's Day in the morning.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING

There's some will watch the fleet that lurks
By harbour, mine and fortress works,
And some will hammer the heathen Turks
On Patrick's Day in the morning.

Oh, far and near their watch is set,
But be they cold, or be they wet,
Will there a man of them all forget
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning ?

Ay, some there'll be so sound who sleep
In the fields o' France or the waters deep,
They will not know that their kinsmen keep
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning.

Sweet is the sleep of them, far away ;
And how should they heed if a man should say :
" Oh, don't you remember Saint Patrick's Day,
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning ? "

The Happy Warrior

(April 23rd)

I

HERE, a soldier plain, I kneel,
Sword on thigh, spur on heel.

If I fall or if I stand,
Lord, my times are in Thy hand.

Three things beneath the sun,
These I'll ask, and so have done.

Clean hand, clean sword,
And a clean heart to serve Thee, Lord !

II

When Spring's turned and Winter's done,
Life in every bough does run.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Very sweet the Spring sky . . .

Shall a man desire to die,

Die, and be no more seen

Where streams run and fields are green,

And the birds do sing shrill

Mating songs in April ?

Should a man not fear to fall,

Lord, Lord . . . if life were all ? . . .

Armed Merchantmen : an Old Song Re-sung

By the Liverpool Docks at the break of the day,
I saw a flash packet, bound westward away ;
And well did I mark how each new-mounted gun
Like silver did gleam in the first morning sun.

Bound away, bound away, where the wide waters
 flow,
She's a Liverpool packet—oh, Lord, let her go !

For thieves be abroad on the ocean highway
To harass our traders by night and by day,
But let such attempt her, to take or assail,
They may find to their cost she's a sting in her tail.

ARMED MERCHANTMEN : AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

She's a crack ocean liner—now catch her who can!—
Her crew are true British and game to a man ;
The pirates of Potsdam had best have a care—
She's the Navy's stepdaughter, and touch her who
dare !

Bound away, bound away, with a bone in her mouth,
She passes the Bar light, she turns to the south,
A Liverpool packet that stays for no foe—
Safe, safe on her journey, oh, Lord, let her go !

Bound away, bound away, where the wide waters
flow,
She's a Liverpool packet—oh, Lord, let her go !

Stormy Dusk

TO-NIGHT the dark came stormy down,
The sun went red to rest ;
And fleets of clouds like battleships
Filled all the burning West.
The wind was rising to a gale,
It howled in hedge and tree . . .
And it's cold, bitter cold,
Where our sailormen must be,
Oh, it's bitter cold this night
In the wild North Sea !

To-night I heard the church clock strike
Across the gusts of storm . . .
And I thought how go the hours at sea
While we are sheltered warm . . .
I prayed God guard our ships at sea
And keep them from all harm. . .

STORMY DUSK

And guide them through the pitch-black tides
Where the drifting death may be,
And give them soon a safe return
And a fruitful victory . . .
And Christ our Lord who walked of old
On waves of Galilee,
Be near our men this night
In the wild North Sea !

The Lowland Sea

OH, sailed you by the Goodwins,
Oh, came you by the Sound?
And saw you there my true love,
That was homeward bound?

“ Oh, never will he anchor
Again in English ground ;
A-sailing by the Lowlands
Your sailorman is drowned.

“ They gave his ship her death-blow
As she was sailing by,
And every soul aboard her,
Oh, they left them all to die.

THE LOWLAND SEA

“ They were not common pirates
Nor rovers of Sallee . . .
But gentlemen of high estate
Come out of Germanie ! ”

It was no worthy gentleman,
Though he were crownéd King ;
It was no honest seaman
That wrought so vile a thing.

But the foulest of all pirates
That ever sailed the sea . . .
And they should swing as pirates swing
Upon the gallows tree,
A-sailing by the Lowlands
That took my lad from me !

War Risks .

“ LET go aft ! ” . . . and out she slides,
Pitching when she meets the tides . . .
She for whom our cruisers keep
Stately vigil in the deep . . .
Sink or swim, lads, war or no,
Let the poor old hooker go !

Soon, hull down, will England's shore,
Smudged and faint, be seen no more ;
Soon the following gulls return
Where the friendly dock-lights burn ;
Soon the cold stars, climbing high,
March across the empty sky . . .
Empty seas before her bow
(Lord, she's on her lonesome now !).

WAR RISKS

When the white fog, stooping low,
Folds in darkness friend and foe . . .
When the fast great liners creep
Veiled and silent through the deep . . .
When the hostile searchlight's eye
Sweeps across the midnight sky . . .
Lord of light and darkness, then
Stretch Thy wing o'er merchantmen !

When the waters known of old
Death in dreadful shape may hold . . .
When the mine's black treachery
Secret walks the insulted sea . . .
(Lest the people wait in vain
For their cattle and their grain)
Since Thy name is mercy, then,
Lord, be kind to merchantmen !

The Pirate's Only Delight

HEY, bullies, ho, bullies, what have ye seen,
Flying with the seagulls where the seas are green?

Oh, I saw a ship a-sinking,
And the sight it pleased me well
(Says Teach the pirate, drinking
Red wine in Hell).

Hey, bullies, ho, bullies, what about the crew?
There were men that watched 'em drowning as we
often used to do.

A fine sport for sharing,
A rare tale to tell
(Says Teach the pirate, baring
Yellow fangs in Hell).

THE PIRATE'S ONLY DELIGHT

Hey, bullies, ho, bullies, saw you aught beside ?
Oh, we saw a drowned girl there drifting on the tide !

A sight to split you laughing,
A sweet thing to tell
(Says Teach the pirate, quaffing
Red wine in Hell).

Clare's Brigade

MEN of the old grievous battles, men of Clare's
Brigade,

Do ye hear the troops marching through the land
where ye are laid,

Far from the clear running brooks, the dappled sun
and shade

On the fair green hills of holy Ireland?

Ah, but not in the old fashion (men of Clare's
Brigade!),

Not in the sorrow of exile your kinsmen draw the
blade,

For the old trouble's ended now, its grey ghost is laid
On the fair green hills of holy Ireland.

CLARE'S BRIGADE

There shall be pride and love there where sorrow
dwelt before ;

Kind peace shall be her portion, ay, peace from
shore to shore,

And Patrick's plant springing there, springing ever-
more

On the fair green hills of holy Ireland !

The Recruit

BAT and ball are there, lad,
And you not there to play . . .
“ There’s a nobler game playing
For English lads to-day.”

And if your mates miss you
As they are like to do ? . . .
“ If my mates were men, lad,
They’d ha’ ’listed too.”

What will your dad say
That is old and grey ? . . .
“ Oh, he’d give life and all, lad,
To be young this day.”

THE RECRUIT

Was your mother not weeping

As you marched away? . . .

“ Ay, weeping she kissed me

As a lad's mother may.”

And what 'll your girl say then

That used to walk with you? . . .

“ Perhaps she'll walk lonely

For she loves me true.

“ But parents both and sweetheart,

All have said the same—

‘ If you hadn't gone, lad,

I'd ha' died for shame ! ’ ”

The Knitters

IN streets that are humming
 With the city's stir . . .
Or where leaves fall rustling
 Through the quiet air . . .
There are women knitting
 Everywhere . . .

Knitting and waiting
 Through hours like years—
Not with loud grieving
 Nor sighing nor tears—
In their hands the needles
 Flash like spears.

THE KNITTERS

Every thread a sorrow,

Every strand a prayer—

(“ Oh, where sleeps my dear one ?

Or how does he fare ? ”)

There are women knitting

Everywhere . . .

The Mouth-Organ

Oh, there ain't no band to cheer us up, there ain't no
'Ighland pipers

To keep our warlike ardure warm round New Chapelle
an' Wipers ;

So—since there's nothin' like a tune to glad the 'eart
o' man—

Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e does the best 'e
can.

There ain't no birds in Plug Street Wood, the guns
'ave sent 'em flyin',

An' there ain't no song to 'ear except the squealin'
shells a-cryin' ;

The thrushes all 'ave 'ooked it, an' the blackbird's 'ad
to flit . . .

So Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e ups an' does 'is bit.

THE MOUTH-ORGAN

'Is notes is somewhat limited, they are not 'igh an'
soary ;

'E 'asn't got that many things in 'is bloomin' re-
pertory ;

But when 'e's played the lot, why, then 'is course is
straight an' plain,

'E starts at the beginnin' an' 'e plays 'em all again !

'E's played 'em oft upon the march, an' likewise in
the trenches ;

'E's played 'em to the Gurkhas, an' 'e's played 'em to
the Frenchies ;

'E may be ankle-deep in dust or middle-deep in
slime,

But Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e's at it all the time.

Wet, 'ungry, thirsty, 'ot or cold, whatever may betide
'im,

'E'll play upon the 'ob of 'ell while the breath is left
inside 'im ;

And when we march up Potsdam Street an' goosestep
through Berlin,

Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e'll play the Army
in !

The Furrow

AN old horse to the furrow—an old man to the
plough—

For the young horse and the young lad, they're
needed yonder now—

The horse, so young and mettled he scarce had
known the rein,

That shook his feathered fetlocks and tossed his
streaming mane—

The lad that used to drive him, so strong and
straight and tall,

That dressed him fine with ribbons and groomed
him in the stall.

THE FURROW

Ah, there as here, old Captain, we know, both I and
you,

He'll drive a straight furrow as he always used to do !

The clods before the ploughshare fall heavily apart,
But never a clod among them so heavy as my heart,

To smell the clean earth breaking and the kind
country smells,
And think o' the stink and reek there, and the
bursting o' the shells.

An old horse to the furrow—an old man to the
plough—

And the young horse and the young lad . . . how
fare they yonder now ?

After Dark

UNDER the blue sky,
And the white clouds sailing high,
Where the gallant wind went by,
A bird sang on—sang on
Till the day (too soon) was done.

And the daylight died
From the fields and the hillside,
And the moorland bare and wide . . .
But the bird sang on—sang on
Long after the light was gone—

Like a voice that said :
“ Oh, you who weep your dead,
Be comforted—be comforted !
For the deed lives on—lives on
Long after the life is gone ! ” . . .

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